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In the sunshine, when the breeze is freshest and the wood the leafiest, where warbling birds swing on the waving branches, and the lights and shadows dance amid the underwood, or the rugged trunks—at such an hour and such a place one may hold converse with nature; or, in other words, kill time in a very enjoyable manner, while all kinds of delightful fancies are chasing one another through the brain. There is verily enchantment in those playful glimpses of sunny light, as they dart about, or bask for a second around and above you—ever changing, like phantasmagoria. At first, the spell is mild, and they are sunbeams, just like any other sunbeams, with a hundred class-room philosophies grinning through them. The spell works, and they become animated, besporing themselves to the sweet-toned music of the birds; playing at hide-and-seek, chasing each other, and performing who knows how many funny antics. The spell deepens; there are voices in the wood, other than the humming insect or the chirping sparrow. There is a presence: eyes are looking on you—eyes that at first were nothing but dancing sunbeams: forms seem to float around—forms that whilom were waving shadows. Greeks of old, at such a time, first dreamed of Dryades, for it was not in the haunted hour of twilight that these graceful wood-nymphs first betook them each to its tree—then, imagination might have coined a Satyr or a Faunus. Scandinavians of old, when the sunlight glimmered before their Gothic eyes through leafy trees, bethought them of elves and fairies—fairies with their gem-like beauty and their merry tricks. O yes, I am not the first who has discovered that nature is gloriously romantic in her sunlight woods.

Twilight, that steals insidiously over hamlet and forest, has a strange romance in its dim misty shades. It is the hour when banditti are supposed to assemble, their faces shaded by broad-spreading hats, while, through the branches of adjacent trees, the western sky, with its streaks of dusky red, looms drearily. It is the hour when love and hope look forth upon the shadowy heaven in search of new-born stars. It is the hour when Jinks roams on the Queen's highway, cigar in mouth, and hands in pocket, in deep enjoyment of the quiet and the half fear which belongs to twilight alone.

I say the half-fear—it is a sensation, nameless, but peculiarly pleasurable—a feeling of solitude, not exactly dreary, nor exactly solemn, but somewhat of both. The trees lose their color, and stand out dark and well-defined against the sky. Already imagination may conjure bushes or tree stumps into anything it pleases—generally into something anything but pleasing. Already school-boy, becoming more gregarious even than he is wont, walks with his arm round the neck of school-friend—also gregarious—regaling him with the history of some stock-robbery which happened fifty years ago. Already old lady, nervous on the point of damps and night air, vents experience upon companion, who being juvenile, and romantic withal, lolls upon a sofa, watching the shrubs through the garden window, her own brown eyes hidden by the shadow of her delicate eyebrows—for she is a girl of twilight, dreamy, tender, beautiful.

Ay, and there is a romance in twilight; come when it may, and where it may—a romance somewhat sleepy, somewhat tragic. A dyspeptic friend, cunning in his experience of numberless nightmares, tells me he can anticipate the advent of one of these delightful sensations by the twilight dimness observable in his vision; for romantic as an overworked and rebellious stomach will permit him to be, his fancy supplies appropriate accessories to the inconsistent horrors of his dream.

But the reader has doubtless had enough of these interpretations: they come upon him like those poetical truisms which are practical im-

possibilities. He holds, by his acts, at least, that what is easily obtained, cannot be duly used or appreciated. Hence it is that he shuts his eyes when nature, everyday nature, stands smiling and beautiful before him; and hence it is that the first exotic monster or learned tadpole claims his purse, and heartfelt inspection and consideration; thus, too, he, in a world strikingly pleasing and instructive, drags his lifetime on with joys and sorrows which are in the truest sense commonplace.

And thus it is that Shumneyseyne, bored to death in his pretty little box down in Blanksix, is also bored to death at Rome, up the Rhine, or in the Lake district. He is a somnambulist, who walks and speaks and acts after the manner of his fellows, but who does it all with his eyes shut, and his mind asleep. Morning after morning, the sun rises strangely over his paternal estate; evening after evening, it sets gorgeously, tinting his ancestral trees with its parting hues; winter after winter, the snow and the frost combine to cover his branches with glittering gems—gems of the first water; yearly as the autumn returns, his fields are golden with harvest; shadowy voices whisper in his plantations as the leaves fall—plantations wonderful in their changing colors; and nightly the stars steal on the deep-blue sky that roofs him over, looking down on this earth with their golden eyes—calm, silent, eternal.

But Shumneyseyne, yawning as the years go by, tired enough of himself, and dying for a new sensation—Shumneyseyne, I say, wots not of it. So he tries his hounds, and he tries his evening parties—he goes a-hunting, and he goes a-travelling; always despising common things, always searching for novelties, but never to be satisfied.

A word with you, Shumneyseyne!—Try a little common-place occupation, and season your endeavors with somewhat of THE ROMANCE OF NATURE.—*Chambers' Journal*.

BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME.—Every man should do his best to own a home. The first money, which he can spare, ought to be invested in a dwelling, where his family can live permanently. Viewed as a matter of economy, this is important, not only because he can ordinarily build more cheaply than he can rent, but because of the expense caused by frequent change of residence. A man, who early in life builds a home for himself and family, will save some thousands of dollars in the course of twenty years, besides avoiding the inconvenience and trouble of removals. Apart from this, there is something agreeable to our better nature in having a home, that we can call our own. It is a form of property, that is more than property. It speaks to the heart, enlists the sentiments, and ennobles the possessor. The associations, that spring up around it as the birth-place of children—as the scene of life's holiest emotions—as the sanctuary, where the spirit cherishes its purest thoughts—are such as all value; and whenever their influence is exerted, the moral sensibilities are improved and exalted. The greater part of our happiness in this world is found at home; but how few recollect, that the happiness of to-day is increased by the place, where we were happy on yesterday, and that, insensibly, scenes and circumstances gather up a store of blessedness for the weary hours of the future! On this account, we should do all in our power to make home attractive. Not only should we cultivate such tempers as serve to render its intercourse amiable and affectionate, but we should strive to adorn it with those charms, which good sense and refinement so easily impart to it. We say, easily, for there are persons who think that a home cannot be beautified without a considerable outlay of money. Such people are in error. It costs little to have a neat flower-garden and to surround your dwelling with those simple beauties, which

delight the eye far more than expensive objects. If you will let the sunshine and the dew adorn your yard, they will do more for you than any artist. Nature delights in beauty. She loves to brighten the landscape and make it agreeable to the eye. She hangs the ivy around the ruin and over the stump of a withered tree twines the graceful vine. A thousand arts she practices to animate the senses and please the mind. Follow her example and do for yourself what she is always laboring to do for you. Beauty is a divine instrumentality. It is one of God's chosen forms of power. We never see creative energy without something beyond mere existence, and hence, the whole Universe is a teacher and inspirer of beauty. Every man was born to be an artist so far as the appreciation and enjoyment of beauty are concerned, and he robs himself of one of the precious gifts of his being, if he fails to fulfill this beneficent purpose of his creation.—*Southern Times*.

TO-DAY (Saturday) closes the French Exhibition in Pall Mall—which, since the arrival of Mdle. Rosa Bonheur's great picture of “The Horse Fair in Paris,” has been the chief subject of Art-interest in London. It is to be removed bodily—of course with its great attraction—to Glasgow; and will be opened to the public on Wednesday next, the first meeting-day of the members of the British Association.—*Athenaeum*.

FRAGMENT OF A SONNET BY RAPHAEL.

BY WM. BELL SCOTT.

“As Paul, when he descended from his trance,
Could utter naught of the Divine arcane,
So hidden in my heart my thoughts remain,
Lovingly veiled from all unhallowed chance.
How much I see, how much I do and bear,
Clothing with placid smile the secret pain,
Which I could just as easy change the hair
Upon this brow as render up profane.”

Thus far the master, the Divine Raphael,
Who died before his brown locks had uncurled,
And left so much—yet from whose hand we hail
This fragment now across a changing world.
Finish it, reader,—genius, fortune, fame!
Thrice crowned, life's mingled yarn remains
the same.

DREAMS.

“THEY oft come around us,
With magical power,
To bless and to gladden
Each lonely hour.
Like strains of sweet music—
They steal o'er the heart;
Recall happy moments,
Bid sorrow depart;
Bringing back visions of youth's joyous hours,
When skies were unclouded, and bright were the flowers.

They cheer the lone heart;
Bid loved ones again
Come round us to bless,
And caress us as then.
Ah! sad is the waking
From memory's dream;
To miss the soft glances,
In tenderness beam,
From eyes that are closed in a dreamless sleep,
Resting 'neath the dark sod, and afar in the deep.

Oh! bright, happy dreams,
May ye ever come,
To brighten the lonely,
And darkened hearthstone;
A softened light shedding,
O'er life's sad decay;
And smoothing my weary
And desolate way.

Oh! bring me the forms of the loved ones flown,
Far away from the haunts where I wander alone.
York County Star.

WINNY.